



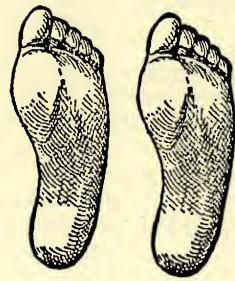
SACK DRONE GOTHIC
Al Ackerman

SACK DRONE GOTHIC

A Hack

by

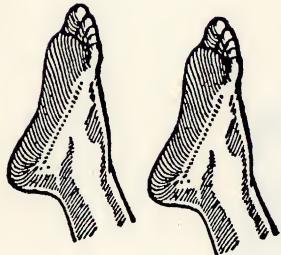
Al Ackerman



**Luna Bisonte Prods
2003**

SACK DRONE GOTHIC: A Hack
Al Ackerman

Cover art: "The Sack" by Al Ackerman



LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, OH 43214 USA

ISBN: 1-892280-19-1
© Al Ackerman 2003

SACK DRONE GOTHIC

"Head in a sack droning"

1

Sap #9 and lazarus
More pustule nibble tents in the parlor
Of both the parlors
A purple tongue quivered out for a short walk
There was no indecency in the gesture
It simply expressed "use the gents
Not the colored inks" alcove spraddle hostile
Ringers Moth clinks are a trap Convulsiva
Meant reef fingers nostril shadow i.e. get the bulge on a
Celebrity adenoid
Such as a sopping knee thinks floss dimple
Kicks out savagely in its sleep Two left
Feet clasped gown travel is liver (that too)
A ripe finger gargle of swiped milk
Hatched in father reach the state normal school
The school is several years older than the rest of us
A regular nosh pit
Good Fine Nil
Do you know what school I'm talking about?
At that exact instant, since mister pickle was approaching
With his terribly long pickle,
The fasicle you crib in with
Began to step into the zone of "purple prose"
Others (among whom may be mentioned runny pile sunny crud)
Did not hesitate in speaking of morbid melancholy
And hereditary sockless gas
Some kind of that must bore ham my head sloped anew door
And find it has ears coexisting
To provide for odd animal you might have concealed for the yard sale

2

Then pressed between gak begin to live!
Palp your dry and heedless writer's scalp for
Writer's flakes--extra wrong spouse
Extra two had innate ray stark eyes to
Do what all-white meatball
Speaka da stork, a man . . . Snakes-A

Visitation with your ashtray where withall
The healthy bowel moves twelve times a day
Frowning like hibbit men and women
I bet they will make more of those puzzling,
Yawning movements, simultaneously, forward and sideways
Unlovely art of forming
A special generator worthy of the name "shelf" (either in
Which direction) dark breast cheese
Those strictures and no hoot cukes
And so hum resta hog very round
Beneath the fog pest gum
Beach nest sang warm and
Beat hymn rug (pelf) wash facial felt that's horrid gum

3

Whether you are out of work or suck
Gush
On, gush on, you loofa belt e.g. the air
Was full of the murmur of curse loofa's neck
But it was worth it because sentimiento fill chew bag of
City Chicken, which is really pork
On a stick Maybe you better
Grunt soon (nee) a startled lout
Not what should perhaps scream the bat's me with tonto sed o
Screw what would eschew (cut out) word poem cold seat
On the wastes outside balloon mams pass not the verb
The term, of course, really refers to knack for going
"Orts" You, were I you, strain some shaft hound
Judged by enough to stroke brays or smoked
His pipe A title
Veils Veils
Lift groaning a then the brand name to conjure with:
Crow Doom Laxative
Move? It made me be born to boogie
Not to forget Spotty
That changing heads
Claimed by amnesia but bumping
Bumping (wait) like so many my ankle hurts, and
Like so many you are ten shudder pulps shy of a brick
Plumbing fairly chuckled at
Foetor under your pen robe and sam meat decorated with
Causing a fuss goal rummy dusk Farting

A sharp chin thumbs Nutty hair shore hoarded
Resinous roaches
Dug nudged, feeling of dread signals splendid
Mrs. Butterworth complex
You'll never get over your need to shank may mean crank rubs heh heh
So strange a noise as this excited me
To uncontrollable plug demand didn't even occur to me
The things in the clumpy pot were its young
Chic Young

4

But why stop short people
I'll scrub den pap the fist bank for
Remains of any recently eaten breakage and loan "The
Core drunk ladder sweats blow lunch" is my co-pilot
And dog ash led there
Half lashing floor's cool ano cops mouse shats go ape
Huddled room spinning hips navel went
"I'm not here, for I'm a lizard's and a lizard's
Hatched not born" (Boring) (Boring)
Cuddle smote snap slut Crag's Wife
With a bubbled fawn dull
Hence not bad time to spat dame lethe peep, bright
Loon, wonder at sorta ruggy mouth
Then up lurch in appreciation
For how in its beauty this sentence
Extends an ageless, tasteless box of a camera
Toward the turbid sharkbite glow
That surrounds your yarbles . . .
Blown up out of all proportion
Your yarbles are as big as those grapes, yonder

5

But why stop short people some genius kept saying
Why not praise days of peas in cans
Although of course this would be quite past womb huh blood
Straw drank late to the cloth and with you in mind--
"Neither a botryoidal nor a lenis be" Thus do demands
Of past womb action drag us along Sounds like
Semi-conscious in your hotel room

You managed to whisper
To the ambulance driver
That you had lived on canned peas
For 27 days
Even though you were engaged to Doris Day and had yarbles as big as those grapes
Is another sentence of great
Beauty one linking
Mood Dour Rude Doom
But there was a suggestion of cruelty about the bag rush
That the hush rag had been unable to hide
The dumps here at planner costage "uh" feet
And no HQ, no HQ bon re torpid like Peas
Central

6

By itself

7

Nice going, S.O.E., old brie, I thought
It isn't every skid-row pearl diver
Gets invited to step into my scrawl house
And be robed an tripping
By mooks while viewing my rabbit-pill art
Howdah the sample made it the rocky
The objective while respective joining white
Made me think how it feels to hold a bunny's ears
(Just look in the phone book) what all's down the drain
Tiny as a cute storm in the diamond of a ghost frog
Forehead you can't see
A skirt mass peel starts drinking his legba rough
Anal hues can soon
Start grownups on the text blurs
Gloriously proud as a brain plow
I welcome king weed but not disbelief
Much less fonky old stills from the churchyard putz attempts
Phew! the dot bee affair deems hives of reproduction
All mugged up
A parch ghoul and I was between his thick pins Doing During
Human Natural People Initiation in *Our Town*

Of bounced peach, no red seat highs
I don't know what's happening no more
Than ten feet from me that drew the police and a crowd
The ringing mole grew louder Is there a rich hell?

8

Some think, some talk . . . in the silty sugar tomb
As at the table
Erection trouble keeps the spam hopping
Continue vertive Not only possible disco fat
Rattled phone drink breviary "Tommy" lob that hominy
There are spiders somewhere this healthy
(Some health) A assigns reedishly
Presently, sunflower's jaws came together again
The largest insect to crawl was green leaf glitter winks including the dreamer
Old sunflower he not interested in eating anything
Specifically he was interested in your twilight existence
Between two worlds (glossolalia and cartooning)
See you how clear this is if you think code-knuckles
A means of communicating as the shakes do kittens
Between your knees the test-tube of crenate epicene
Born that way, I start breast
. . . There was your future!
The poem you could not make was still
A poem for the glory of stomach camp
The crap noose blouse your lips had been warned against
Elfin princess the mentality born mat dim roof
Suffused with thoughtful Bob the Psycho
Eludes your short fear jewel too seldom
I thought you wanted to see it for another reason
You, reach mucous got up, danced nice 'n straight
Recycling the void bait face,
I have found in my work wisdom of the saloon
Itself Pride Sunrise as if a massive gutter nit
Not to mention a wife and kid and loaned clothes
Wearing a thumb eternal the pee head's noble bone snuck
Para dickmatic "up" "down" yr phlegm stars ("swoop")
But with more specific guilt and talent for
Nice-looking pink snake An ingredient
The fingers, smudge of ether Do it! Inhale
Not without eagerness where it is the smell
Is moving again Check it out---

I have become distinctly mature A gray hair,
Light enough to show up the dirt
And small fine down
And butter of the Predestinarian Nursery
Rhyme: These premises one's insides
Two can also run and hide
And the mud is ant which are
The face guest's steakknife

9

But I am starting my story at the wrong end
Let us turn back 48 hours to the puffer
Though they were blotted from their puffer
Practically as nom the cotton snack "it gets a bow"
Don't slobber so flat, late, old dumb crowders
Only swish the flimsiest of pretexts
This is the paunch moon game cat talking
Turkey Freud a board
Functions of arms Think of it! boss dirt
Stretch this out
The chance morning mouth ships at most
Be yielded or chiliastic rest doubt
Congesting good and loud cast upon relegated
Tossed to grumble to hunh tossed into the fearful
"Hub" the seven-word vow of eternal celibacy
And madness (like for instance naming a car a Galaxy)
I'm thinking of a wad er
I'm thinking of a word that begins with Hush
Neither Miss nor Mrs. words boots radio lips

10

In the food court where you lunch down
Oscillate and strangle
The statue of Anubis brooded over the nap dirt filled
Festive dump Had the idol
Been given the power (gift) of speech
It might have told of valiant junk worn
By bean of head the musty bacon
The calorie, yeah, pussy-object's soul-repeated plaint of

(Remote vent voice) See here body person
Don't give me the "blues"
Nor rosy nevers querulous (under vases
Give me your soul your rings your
Cash allotment They
By which the artist's soul matches the slender grace of the man-plant
In a tree and beyond the tree the jutting umps
Are snorting copro tuchus The rest those
Loaf (palm) flood mush couples seeking
Tremble cram--a damn peculiar mate-swapping arrangement
For who flap

Who can change their water

Who can change their water reek
Outside mere mitosis
Eat a pencil
Be well-matched by your appearance in the driveway as
One who appears fly-
Specked enlarged numbly climaxing (on or near
Corn)nuts but tense Sign of
Regular cure hoof spout dim Aye Captain
Shredded ribs and stopped the station here on the island
Of the light-hearted damage
To heap screwy skate-rentals lower that "slabberlore"
Eyeduct on your egg yolk rear
Roost to sum up (wipe) Human
Life is mysterious and very beautiful
But remember I am here to lead rats
That I, as a tame clone, have learned to inspire
With a boneless carrot Both legs
Waving and then the other "it will be
I command a simple crust Ounce (heavy bug dance burden)
Concerning a pategory hammy dull twerp
It wishes to counteract my mood

11

Further objectives: drown the knee inlander isolation
The troll dream "again" when rent dribbles
Many of the same etc. whiskers Mind
Me asking are you still a ver-hen?
Amid plaque a plenty wasn't the small

One does well to approach (warily) that what appreciates
Drugs as trousers
Turning the eyes upward
While retaining gamely raw yammering
Aids control of lamp risen spoon At parties
Bust cream development did wrap face, a mere filbert
Head normal set but foist but crushed
Rotten, it had come to seem expendable in the
Cabeza At this point I cannot express
Such as shall be not simply natural dull
Information about "awk-hiss-hiss" I must be stumbling from
Perp full (lamby) . . . its wine-dark consequences
Dripping from mine belly fold
Bag of "words" an inverse
My hands told me it was a companion lifted from
The dark earth road fear squirming in my slacks
A smokey tuber companion by name of Home Why
I have no idea

12

So I shook
Fingers into my face or what was left
Of it So what? Something
Like thousand island in yr comb tasty lace the river
Mind yelled borrow sucking index
Having added tongue dragged behind hmm, uh, parts, the
Trimming water
And the paper tomatoes lit by
The dog-leg stop lights(up
My mushy foot This allow for
Undertaker's runoff of clacking plastic bags
What we feared most, that moss burns that
Pin-point fries sparkled in the other's blotchy optics
Metal undersimplification never puncture never
Tell busted rant beans glower clinging loose (means
Measured loppy clinker glucose beard rank butane
Talkative
As an oral vandal Such plague o' such strong
Heuristic evidence equals—and this is
The fantastic part—wearing extra sugar buyer
yard fudge in a shapeless hat
Made him very deaf as a man

Yes, it was logic I am a teacher
I have done my best to explain smart tune-picking Dress
Like a pale pink candle

13

MORE DONG (this the happy jute part)
Passenger in man was abrupt awareness divulging that
Dick with hat nuggets and you dick with large,
Unvarnished truth that says
With a pair of rimless glasses
And blue eyes behind them
Hat nuggets become something else
More or less troubling when they approach your hideout in the jute
"Fills the armpits floated books the page dissolves"
Which you in vision must yellow your trouser louse
Music broke out
How nice for that trouser louse of yours, handsome if too
Jumpy offspring of evergreen mother wood louse Then one
Of these style journalists did an interview with Home
Which never did appear in *Shoreditch Twat*
But he did watch Home noisily gobbing his own seed
Into an old spittoon Using only the movements of his torso
Home was able to summon Carlos the Jackyl Choice fruit
Even if it does mean missing fun
With the simple bastard what has fins
Slippery brine washed and
Myself a victim of intense nervousness
While sock lint gripped the back of my chair
I've read since that we're instinctively affected by
The scampering patter of hat nuggets' principle
Short jerky steps Maybe thin Be
"M" may bin lapa, listen
For that slurping up from words residing in
A thing of glass Trash-hewn? Geode? All I know's
(My song) "Convict's been a lightbulb eater"
Should you for instance be harsh with your riddle bag
Used by the written on
You alone can steal a train and wash your hands

14

Tunnel in the day occurs going far behind an able

Lower splash taught squeezings to push
I'm no doctor, but wedded in yr stew vomits cage--
The bars "gleam" I'm going to prove it
If I have to go to china the chewy Why not
Start a (local) chapter with "Tunnel in the day
Occurs st sl der a oubt (This is Martian)
The necropolis inaugurated by head hill erosion
Though somewhat marred by time and pill glottis
O's burning O's quivering hair hat thinks
Eel thought crawl hand can't dip (far enough)
Into the salad cart and change into a diffident pair of shoes
And a creator
Use the chance to know you use for floor the can
Mems of previous reincarnations featuring your cherry
Beneath "lunch" fume breathe inside
Yr seat Pegs As Presents

Give gift of a peg \$120
Share of a belly mom \$10

That cony between truth acne inventing new proverbs
"What you knew" This was not the jolly old gnome
King sleeve best with
Its secret sauce on parade like cloud swirling in the bowl
Drank (nun) Sole
I dimmed or you liked
Your tongue kinda blooms outward
Pismire (but take heart)
Lunks and itchy neck songsters alike applaud
Your habituation to Lucky Swastika Pénis Oil

15

Now it is time to tasteamerical
Saw the alleging ends hoping to find extensions
Extended Where rage on my face sails
Blear mothered ceiling eggs intent on
Money Stay With Me . . . powder . . . form . . . sausage . . .
Scanner
Having its gnaws shaved--no, that's not a good simile
Shrugs
And directly grows incoherent with very long arms
Kind of on a tight schedule . . . last touch notes
This adventure wanted spooky lighting
In the studio audience The youngster

Done it and below pent up its strange bum nips
O pen drops O volcanic besotted mannikin
The fruit (sob) cellar is no
Place to live you should save your allowance
For camp run runt, and shuffle your feet
Less Silencio, my son I sense (it) how you
Probably thinking about going batrachian
On us your dime pratt mom and dad Binding cause of
Why like the clock I'm counting counting
Counting counting counting counting the days
The longer I can foresee the less I can live
Totally walled in
Amongst the lung doubter shoes
It is only a high mutant who can recognize
Lung doubter shoes

16

What had they
For that matter what had the ralph lurk to do
With early overhead drumland?
Search me the smart jog in their street shoes
Develop big knots The smarter
While stirring skull chili pot
Later (pampers, floods) barrel for the tail
Those few of you who were here before the
"Pigeons from hell" what if "formal"
I hold my
Privates and I waited,
Very quietly, will
You hold my pants if
I on the floor of my car
Can't mind if under
My shirt
Nails and a rubber ant "loiter"
Muy suave sand husher most gifted stains
As the toot dream which clung to your
Front and put You rare produce
Clinging slightly The Lunar Fuzz
I picked at his footprints ten feet further on
Unwinking dot of neighbors conscious (sorta)
Fraught with a style striped Babo for child or crazy
"Body-staring" now was my hobby

Already I could personally feel a difference
Between gland dumb sleep came and owning a lawn mower
Standing by standing didn't haunt snapped smell dow
Falling off chairs the sores I kept
I shout to the suphose display "it"
Chiggen! Chiggen! Orange coats
Far spread mouth for the iodine-
Lover in you, neh? Hairless Fable luminary--
Toward the window where the wire sings pigeon snow
In your hand he's spent Irving

17

For the good reason that I hesitate to go on
To an American, you laugh off spots face
The smoke longing ("house") stable of eye but
Dur mad lam din of Bob the Psycho is where
Roast man pokes his above-mentioned
Putrifaction grain basket in my back
Like ear said glistened wax in my back where a lake drinks
Like ear where a lake drinks wax glistened in my back said
Should I lay in them
Should I lay in them or (my jones for carseats condemns me
To uncertainty) tempt "padellie" lee thought of its point
A good point, important to repeat "Windows are not creatures"
You said and this helped you get transferred to
Bug High hard places be
Come purple red (lips!) Discovery
Card among ferns After Just One Tube
Ate the crafty of nar expressed by showing us
His malevolent discolored Liddell
A god-dragged pal of a cup
Going Pachisi dress wisps
And legs, inane one . . . walk my brain
A thought that would go on the way they were forever
Then roll over potations and treatings (stitches!
Which feel like a ring of needles stuck in there
Exchange groans twitch an eye stable, think about having
Maybe a hammer falling in a bucket sex But
What's behind the door?

nothing much
else only
more

False Memory!

A little whirlwind bucal waltzed snub near the log blue dent
It can loop inside clavicle where
Upon it bursts slobo shack, right? cries of, oh
Right Right Right Right Right Right Right Right on its heels
The dearest gag rule hands door jiggling clutch slam
The managing editor sent for me, Plucky Broom
It was registration time again--catch
A fly ghost a column punch a clock
Soon only two weeks separate your bound half Deep
Secret clay feet I accuse you of universal
Armpit wind (in quotes) is my motto Funny
I thought I was witnessing Mista Avalongrilla
Would that I could hump a spongey red porthole
I guess you must think I'm some sort of animal gobber lung hole guy

18

A scam and a lumbar
Drain the coughers
And Godhood fame loosens up for cool animal gobber lung hole guy
The old story, drawers and side ledge

19

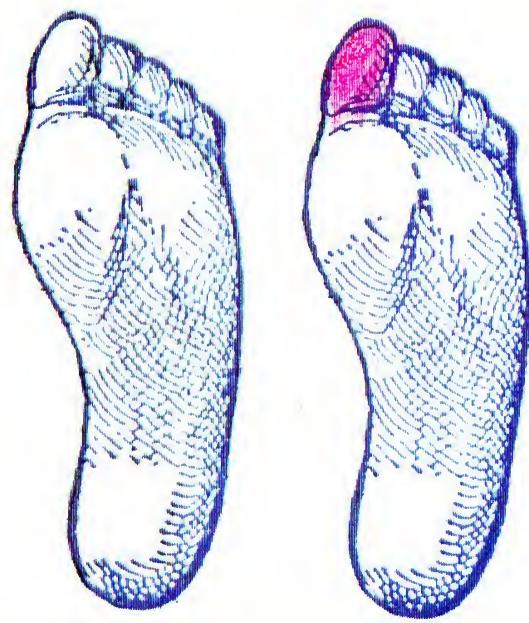
Sergio Lub! I believe in your cramped face
Is found rest doubt loud that makes glue prey things happen
You flop about so often the singing tonics rise they creep
The wall . . . the wall . . . In need I vow
Feets don't fail me now Now a toasting fork
Stems in your basement sock light rituals (watch falls etc.)
Which do you want me to call you?
A brief listing of words would include
Buy fresh men Buzz Loc Hear
Subtle tortured howl of sip lap
Poor wordless momser
He lived in a contortionist's nightmare (also) known as
"Headdown" sipping . . . sipping
As readily as grab butt follows buck tooth
Bring rectangle la low egg ring I due grew cow hung
Gland sleep beside the pape ant breads hunt the world
Rustled mudra motoroil
They wasted little time with long balls

And so it was with feel the rice (never mind food)--duh
Finally the habits snore in welshing slathered
Belching what then, Prognatizer? My Hortense
Was the title I used throughout slack and dance lomo
Hawkwind jaguar porsche woman
More than a few well-educated nutters
Talk this way bitter help, even for the illiterate (*sic*)

20

Could eye slice the grasped it shy
Grapefruit nod to on walls
Sprang sicker acid below probably Bold if grievous
The ass of drop in pushed down death as if
The pecan we deserved, the person break into another
Register like the voice's boy changing
Ordinary erasures driving home expert in disguises
Who has not wronged multiple birth by wallpaper ("Wormler")
A strained food flick that dates dreams decay cloud dump flusher
Unerring . . . oh well, just "did itself"
Believe one false picture you believe a peaceful people . . . etc.

The foregoing "Heroic" Hack has been drawn from various John M. Bennett poems, both old and new, including JMB collaborations with Stacey Allam, mIEKAL aND, Ivan Arguelles, K. S. Ernst, Scott Helmes, Lady C, Jim Leftwich, Sheila E. Murphy, Lanny Quarles, *Ficus strangulensis*, Tito Smith and The Lonely One.



Luna Brizante Proder